THE JEWISH TIMES.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

VOLUME I. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1880. NUMBER 10.

Poetry.

ONLY.

And this is the end of it all! it rounds the year's completeness;
Only a walk to the stile, through fields afoam with sweetness
Only the sun-set, light, purple and red on the river
And a lingered, low, good-night, that means good-bye forever.

So be it! and God be with you! It had been perhaps more kind
Had you sooner, pardon the word, been sure of knowing your mind;
We can bear so much in youth—who cares for a swift, sharp pain?
And the two-edged sword of truth cuts deep, but it leaves no stain!

I shall just go back to my work—to my little household cares,
That never make any show. By time, perhaps, in my prayers,
I may think of you! For the rest, on this we've trodden together,
My foot shall fall as lightly as if my heart were a feather.

And not a woman's heart, strong to have and to keep,
Patient when children cry, soft to lull them to sleep
Hiding its secrets close, glad when another's hand
Finds for itself a gem where hers found only sand.

Good-bye! The year has been bright! As of't as the blossoms come,
The peach with its waxen pink, the waving snow of the plum,
I shall think how I used to watch, so happy to see you pass,
I could almost kiss the print of your feet on the dewy grass.

I am not ashamed of my love! Yet I would not have your's now,
Though you laid it down at my feet, I could not stoop so low.
A love is but a half a love that contents itself with less
Than love's utmost faith and truth and unwavering tenderness.

Only this walk to the stile; this parting word by the river,
That flows so quiet and cold, ebbing and flowing forever.
"Good-bye!" Let me wait to hear the last, last sound of his feet!
Ah me! but I think in this life of our's the bitter outweighs the sweet.

—*The Argosy.*

Punning.

Having noticed the following "reply to a correspondent" in one of our Eastern contemporaries, we thought that a few words in defense of the subject assailed would not be amiss. The answer says:

"B. W. The samples you sent in, prove conclusively to us, that you are very far advanced already on that downward road that leads to misery, ruin and habitual punning. We know, through sad experience, that for you, in whom the terrible disease is at such an advanced stage, no warning, no advice is of any avail. For opium-eaters, drunkards and Kearneyites, there is an occasional cure; but for punsters, never. We can offer you nothing but our deepest sympathy and commiseration. If we had the honor of a personal acquaintance, we would take you quietly by the hand and lead you into the sanctum of a newspaper, in which a professional punster executes his nefarious plans. The picture that would here be presented to your astonished eyes, would certainly freeze the blood in your veins; you would see a man here, who is writing at his desk, in the most agonizing and heart-rending convulsions and paroxysms, while his fellow-workmen, with blanched faces, down which the cold, clammy perspiration is streaming, are shyly looking at him with a corner of their eyes. Suddenly this man jumps up, pirouettes around the room, executing a sort of Comanche dance, and in a stentorian voice howls out "I've got it," while a fiendish grin covers his furrowed face. The scene now changes completely; he has gradually become quiet again, and is reading his newest pun to his associates, who commence to evince signs of uneasiness, which gradually develop in convulsions. Groaning piteously, they writhe upon the floor, and extend their hands in futile supplications to the punster, while a terrible long drawn O—h of pain and anguish escapes their tortured breasts. The African correspondent and the dramatic critic are taken home in an ambulance, while the rest of the staff try the efficacy of ice-poultices and opium. These scenes are repeated daily, and to what these terrible repetitions lead you can very readily imagine. We pray for you, and beg of you, if you cannot stop, at least moderate your punning propensities."

The author of this answer undoubtedly essayed to be, as is said of songs, serio-comic, and has in the attempt failed miserably. Undoubtedly, the 'effects of punning,' as described by him, might more readily be called the 'effects of serio-comic writing.' We very readily can understand that an Eastern editor should say this of punning, and we heartily regret, that as yet no subscription list has been started, with the object of permitting Eastern people to come here, free of charge, with all possible facilities afforded, to study and criticize the science of 'punning' as practiced in this our Golden city.

As scientific punsters, we San Franciscans stand pre-eminent, (I shall, through examples, endeavor to substantiate this statement), and when occasionally a person is told, while in conversation, that punning is not allowed, he must not imagine that "punning" is objected to; oh no! *his* puns are objectionable, because they do not reach the scientific standard. When we say scientific standard, perhaps some of the readers would like to know what is meant by this term. A pun has reached a scientific standard when, in attempting to comprehend the same, it has been necessary to tell the listener four hours beforehand what the pun is, so that he may provide *sal volatile*, ice and whisky to counteract the depressing effects caused by thinking and solving the pun; a pun is scientific when it is not only incomprehensible to the punster, but also to the one at whom it is leveled. One of the beauties of punning is that it gives food for research; for thought—what depth of learning and erudition is brought to bear on the subject. "O shades of Cæsar," that all this learning has not been printed and thus handed down to posterity and immortality. What are the bright wits and satirists of the ancients in comparison to our punsters? nought, nothing. Think of the beauty of this pun: when told that punning is disagreeable, a gentleman answers, "upun my word; I'll discontinue;" whereon the rejoinder is, "you'll be punished if you don't." Occasionally a pun like this will give rise to a whole series of puns, and the effect is most startling.

As a specimen of scientific punning, perhaps, the following will serve as a mild example. A gentleman, subscribing for a daily, is asked by the carrier, "Will you remit weekly or monthly for the paper?" and is answered, "I shall pay per week;" pay per week, do you see? How beautiful; how grand; what an intellect to make such a pun. Another: A gentleman having written an article on violin cases, is told by a "friend" that it was a rather "vile ink case." This specimen is even better entitled to a station among the scientific puns than the preceding one. Perhaps this pun will also find its admirers. A gentleman of equine proclivities is desirous of acquiring fame as a vocalist. After being heard, he is told "Nay! nay! my friend; you cannot sing." To this his reply is, "Why," is my voice so hoarse?" Another may not be out of place. A gentleman having been told by a young lady that his hair was short, but soft, remarked "that it was as soft as a pillow;" whereon she permitted him to rest his head on her shoulder, while she exclaims, while feeling and patting his head, "what a soft pill-ow! indeed?"

Puns are always pleasant, they imbue the listener, especially if he be appreciative or unable to pun himself, with fear and admiration for the prodigious intellect, the source of such brilliant scintillations of colossal genius; they compel one to admit the advanced development of the punster, his ready art, sharp sallies, his pointed retorts, which occasionally may necessitate the "retorting" of the punster.

Of course, in punning, due regard for time and effect must be special points of study; a pun must never be malapropos; for if "proposed" out of time, it loses its sparkle and effect; it must never be mentioned as a topic for conversation, but should be spontaneous.

The best time for punning is during a conversation, in which the participants are deeply interested. Listen attentively to all remarks; interrupt whenever you can make a pun—the more execrable the better, (it is more scientific); laugh at it yourself most immoderately, and should anyone fail to appreciate it, especially a lady, give her a quiet dig in the ribs, and ask her, with an interrogative grin, "do you see it?" then explain your remark, assume an intelligent and dignified attitude, and bid the previous speaker continue. By so doing, you not only enhance your value as an acquisition to cultured and intelligent society, but also raise the standard of punning a grade higher in the scientific scale, and you, yourself, become the cynosure of all eyes, admired and respected by the intelligent and the object of envy of less successful fellow-men. SNAG.

REFERRING to the principal nationalities represented in our municipal real estate titles and to their distinctive characteristics, we quote from a recent number of the Real Estate *Record*, the following, which will interest many of our readers: "The cultivation of real estate investment is a modern accomplishment, and not generally supposed to be a distinct trait of the Jewish race. Having found here in the Great Republic the coveted boons of religious toleration and an untrammeled field of commercial action, this ancient and unique race has succeeded in establishing themselves as peers in all the prominent walks of life. Contrary to their national traditions, and doubtless as a pledge of their sincere attachment to the country and metropolis, they have been distinguished of late years as active and conspicuous real estate operators, and have made especially large investments in the commodity. During the prevalence of high prices, there were probably no firmer believers as a class in the soundness and permanence of those values than our Jewish citizens. This excessive enthusiasm as land owners led many of them to embark in what have proved to be unfortunate land speculations. Their real estate ardor was largely fostered and stimulated by injudicious advisers, but it was also born of vivid imaginations, which portrayed the greatness and growth of this city, in altogether untruthful, unreliable and disproportionate forms. Their spirit of reckless venture may be assigned to inexperience in such investments, to the fact that they had but recently undertaken to cultivate them. With the probable, though bitter experience they have gained since the panic, with judgments tempered by misfortune, we may expect them in future to take rank among astute, sagacious and courageous investors. A large portion of Jews of this city are of German origin, and thus partake of twin aptitudes and qualifications for business enterprises. Caution and prudence are prominent characteristics of the German-Jewish nature, and are the qualities most essential to success in land investment."
—*American Hebrew.*

MENDELSSOHN;

OR,

The Dawn of the New Era.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY REV. DR. KAUFMANN KOHLER, AT THE TEMPLE BETH EL, NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 11TH.

Germany, the mother country of the Reformation was also the cradle of Reformed Judaism, and Moses Mendelssohn was the Jewish Martin Luther. Great leaders are both the originators, and the instruments of the ideas they represent; stirred by a mighty impulse from within, and an irresistible compulsion from without. Like mountain peaks touching the rays of dawning day, they reflect the light in undimmed lustre.

Had Moses Mendelssohn realized the greatness of the task allotted to him, of delivering his people from mediæval Egyptian bondage, he would, like Moses of yore, have cast himself on his face and cried, "Oh God! send another, I am not a man of words, for I am heavy of speech and heavy of tongue." But it was just on account of his being the meekest and humblest of men, like Moses, that he was chosen to be the guide of his people.

It has often but wrongly been said that the Jews had no dark ages. They certainly had. Thrown from the heights they had attained in France and Spain, they were plunged into the depths of mysticism and superstition. When the discovery of the New World and new arts and sciences, heralded a new day to Europe, Israel fell asleep, weary and exhausted with its labors; the lamps of knowledge which had been burning brightly, grew dim, and especially in Germany, the Jews became entirely cut off from all contact with the refining streams of culture. In their dark ghettos they became living mummies; their entire internal life grew stagnant and stale, their views became narrow and their condition to outsiders was anything but frank and manly. They took no part in German literature, and the use of German letters fell into disrepute. Their language became a petrified dialect rendered unintelligible by a mixture of Polish, French and Hebrew forms of speech. This was continued by imbuing the spirit of the young with a dislike of all modern culture.

To emancipate the race from their self-imposed exile and lead them back to the great world was no easy task. Political rulers could not do it. Reform from the Jewish camp could not undertake it. But look how the bright sun enters upon the world of night! As a king of beauty, clad in purple, riding in a golden chariot, he draws all beings to the realm of light while darkness hastens away in terror. The light of truth, through gates of beauty, enters the human heart.

As a most beautiful soul, a sweet and perfect man, soliciting general admiration by his tenderness and sympathy, Moses Mendelssohn became the regenerator of the Jewish race. A boy of fourteen years of age, timid and shy, hunchback and stuttering, Moses, the son of a teacher and writer in Dessau, stood before Berlin in the year 1743 asking for admission into the city, and when asked his vocation, he could only stammer forth the name of his teacher in Dessau—Rabbi David Frankel, who had just moved to Berlin to follow the calling of rabbi there. He had kindled in Mendelssohn a zeal for learning by leading him in Talmudic studies and philosophic research. Moses was gladly received by the rabbi, who obtained for him free lodging and daily support, and offered him also a few pennies for copying the Commentaries on the Talmud. With these scanty means, Mendelssohn prepared himself for the Rabbinate.

But his mind craving for knowledge would not bear the reproach—the self-reproach—of being unable to read a German book. He seized the first opportunity of buying such a one, and like a thief in the night he groped through it. It was a Christian work on Theology which opened a new mine of thought to him. A friend was seen carrying a German book for him, and was compelled to leave the city, so great was the prejudice against learning German.

Under such difficulties, Mendelssohn acquired the first elements of German culture, but he soon made the acquaintance of a Polish rabbi, who taught him mathematics, another instructed him in Latin, and Dr. Gumperts, the first Jewish doctor who received a diploma in Germany, taught him modern languages and philosophy. After seven years of toil and study, he obtained employment as teacher in the house of Mr. Bernhard; later he became book-keeper there, which situation he retained until his death. He was introduced to Lessing at a game of chess—then a favorite game. Lessing loved the Jews as he did all those proscribed and hunted down by prejudice. Born in the same year as Mendelssohn, he had in his twentieth year, written a comedy, in anticipation of his "Nathan the Wise," in which a Jew puts all the Christians to shame by his generosity.

In Mendelssohn, Lessing met a Jew of his poetical vision, a type of the scoffed-at nation, with the fire of heaven in his eye and wisdom sweet as honey falling from his lips. Lessing discovered the pearl in the unseemly shell, and Mendelssohn admired the superior quality of the genius who in his search for truth was always quick to dispel all mists of error. They clasped hands for immortal friendship, and never would Mendelssohn have stepped before the public as an author but for Lessing. He was encouraged to join Lessing in his battle for the purification of German life and literature and the zealous patriot and the pious Jew, went hand in hand to purify the language. They issued Aesthetic papers, reviewing the literature of the day and the former pupil of the *Judenshule* became the leading master of Aesthetics. He would not shrink from censuring the works of Frederick the Great, for which the king never forgave him, and refused to grant him the rights of citizenship, and would not allow his name to be enrolled on the lists of the Berlin Academy, even after he had written his "Phaedon."

"Phaedon, a work written after the model of Plato, to prove the immortality of the soul, was welcomed as a soothing balm for the bleeding wounds of the age. It was intended to stem the tide of Atheism, and was translated into all modern languages. Scholars and princes went to see the modern Socrates.

Having hitherto refrained from discussing religious questions, he was unexpectedly challenged by Lavater, who dedicated to him a work on the proofs of Christianity. Mendelssohn felt sorely vexed at seeing his holiest feelings outraged in public, and answered so as to reflect credit on his race. He said truth and conviction prompt him to abide by his unfortunate brethren, although worldy considerations might dissuade him. An anonymous writer having charged him with deserting Judaism, he rose to his fullest height and wrote his "Jerusalem." Therein he drew the line between Church and Religion. Religion is the daughter of God, wearing no sword, whose promise is to inspire, to admonish, to elevate, not to offer reward or to punish. Temporal punishment belongs to the State. Judaism is a revealed law not a revealed religion—its penalties are intended for wrong doers not for wrong thinkers. As to the ceremonial laws, these are intended as living signs to perpetuate human religion—and here he went further than we would—and these are ever to be kept as a sign of the bond until a new Revelation as clear, as distinct and as binding as that of Sinai shall abrograte them. This work was hailed as the opening of a new era. Of course, it surpassed the ideas and the understanding of the Jews in general, although they gloried in the credit their wise man reflected on them.

He was too conservative to overthrow the customs and forms endeared to the people, and his life was regulated by the Orthodox system. All he desired was refinement of taste, improvement of culture and the purity of the language; and with this view he began the translation of the Bible into pure German. The year 1780 marks a new era in Judaism. The translation of the five books, written first in Hebrew letters, rang the death knell of the barbarous Polish school system.

Desiring to build a monument to Lessing, he wanted to write his biography, when the charge of being a non-believer in a personal God was made against him, replying to which he wrote his "*Morgenstunden*," a denial of Pantheism and Spinozeism.

Mendelssohn's life was beautiful Mayday; he showed by his life and writings what a Jew could be and do, and roused the ambition of the people. His translation formed a bridge by which people joined the world at large. But one thing he could not transmit to them; the rare, wonderful harmony of mind and heart, by which the new and old were sweetly blended. He was more of a wise man than a philosopher, more of a great man than of a great Reformer.

He regretted being too old to become familiar with Kant's philosophy. The Jews of Berlin, Königsberg and Vienna threw their parlors open to the representative of this latest school of new ideas. They soon forgot that they had been reared Jews, wholesale baptism was indulged in, they ceased to be Jews and became admirers of licentious bigotry, and one of Mendelssohn's daughters kneeled to kiss the feet of the Pope. The utmost consternation prevailed. Was the Jew indeed a mummy which crumbled to dust in the light?

Mendelssohn was to lead his people out of Egypt and unshackle the fetters of slavery, but not to bring them to the Sinai of Reformed Judaism. The generation was doomed to die in the wilderness, and a new generation to spring up to teach Reform.

All the laurels the Jews have ever won in all the fields of the arts and sciences, is the work of Moses the Third who broke the chilling winter-spell from his people. To-day, Germany points to Mendelssohn to silence the prejudice of the present.

As to ourselves, who enjoy the liberty of this free country, we look with reverence to him, who, a pious Jew and glowing patriot, must ever serve as a model who combined faithfulness to God and faithfulness to our mission—faith in God and faith in human progress.

A SUBSCRIBER wants to know if oleomargarine takes the place of butter in any particular. Yes, to catch flies with.

Russia and the Jews.

The *London Times*, commenting upon the attempted assassination of the Czar, writes the following words regarding the treatment of the Jews by Russia, and its relation to the disturbed condition of the empire:

An attentive observer of the circumstances attending the recent attempt at assassination in St. Petersburg, which was tried and repressed in forty-eight hours by the execution of the criminal, must have been struck by one feature in the case which would appear to merit more than a passing notice. The mere fact that the would-be assassin, Mlodecki, was of Jewish descent has sufficed to renew in certain circles of the community, and in some of the public organs, more especially those circulating among the lower orders of the people, the old warcry of persecution against the Jews in general. It may be that a certain class of patriots find a consolation in their grief by rejecting the guilt of a crime which makes them blush for their country and laying it upon a man belonging to a race considered as foreign, or that they gladly seize every opportunity of glutting a hatred originating more or less in jealousy; but the fact remains that any one listening to the flood of invective which is being poured forth against the Hebrews must imagine the evil days to have returned when hatred of the Jews was prevalent in respectable society. It must be acknowledged, however, that the government has kept absolutely aloof from the movement. There has been no official encouragement of the attacks upon the Jews; and, on the other hand, no expression of disapproval. Ostensibly, the Russian government is passive and neutral. How are we to explain this ill-feeling toward the Jews manifested by a part of the population (an utterly groundless aversion) which is in our days truly an anachronism? It appears useless to reflect on the circumstance that there is nothing in the Jewish religion or in the traditions of the race which has even the most remote affinity with the ideas, tendencies, and mode of action of the Nihilists. Believing Jews are essentially, instinctively and resolutely conservative through their acknowledged attachment to the laws of the family and to the laws of property—the laws which constitute the basis of society. With regard to the Jewish students who are educated in the midst of orthodox Christians of the Greek Church, attend the same public schools, and complete their education at the same universities, they share with their Christian companions the most complete indifference to religious faith. There is nothing specially Jewish to be perceived in the young Jew on leaving school. This is so true that we find him associating himself with all his heart in the patriotic, literary and scientific pursuits which characterize the Russian youth of our times. We have seen the Jewish young men inflamed with Panslavic ideas, and volunteering for the brigades destined to free the Servian and Bulgarian. Where, then, are we to look for a plausible ground for the unjust accusations against the Jews? We must answer boldly, the government is responsible. The Russian government, in maintaining in the law and administration the sort of *diminutio capitis* to which it condemns the Jews, solely on account of their origin, maintains also among the people that superannuated prejudice against the Jews so frequently manifested in this country, and which has almost disappeared in more enlightened countries. The Russian nation, endowed by Providence with the highest qualities, has preserved among the masses a religious respect—sometimes considered to border on servility—for the ordinances, measures and dispositions of the government. Even the opinions attributed to its representatives exercise an undeniable ascendency over the masses of the people. If, then, the Russian government wishes it, the hatred of the Jews will no longer exist. Let Russia consent to adopt the enlightened policy of the Western nations, and proceed resolutely in that course, and we shall soon see that hatred of race, which is a disgrace to our century, completely disappear, and the ground for the future reforms which must be effected in this country will be cleared of one vexed question, and one which is of no slight gravity.

WE MUST HAVE SLEEP.—I would keep "better hours," if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take it regularly in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called insomnia, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we begin to decay even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.—*J. T. Fields.*

IT was in the old days when Congressmen franked letters that a rural postmaster returned a letter to an M. C. who was stopping in town, and, stating that the letter weighed over one-half ounce, requested a second frank.

"MAKE US A KING?"—The Indiana lawyer who told a Congressional committee a day or two ago that rather than be ruled by the Democrats he was for the ex-President for king is a type of that class of fine fellows, known in every age and country, who would rather fly to any evil that they know not of than to endure an imaginary one that may seem imminent. There were a lot of high spirited patriots of the same order among the ancient Israelites; they looked distrustingly upon the impending brood of judges, or rulers, who, indeed, were intent upon looking out for themselves and their party. The dissatisfied faction, however, instead of canvassing their own friends for a better breed of judges, shouted "Make us a king!" and they were equally emphatic in their demand for a strong government. They got what they asked for; with an implication of satire that is quite unusual in Holy Writ, but entirely excusable in the case in question or any other like it, we read that the person selected as king was a man who had gone out in search of asses. They got the strong government, too, and as a natural consequence they had wars and glory and taxes, just like their greatest neighbors, as long as their men and money lasted; then, as a nation, they disappeared. There is a faction in American politics that is just as virtuously indignant at what seems to them a probable evil as the Hebrew patriots were; but when, instead of helping themselves, they demand that somebody else shall do their work, they are sure to receive more jeers than followers.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE ARISTOCRATIC IMPULSE is one of the most narrowing influences in the world. It prescribes distinctions based upon considerations which ought not to induce distinctions. There must always be an immeasurable distance between the pure and the evil, between the brave and the cowardly, between the true and the false. But one who allows accidental circumstances, such as birth, fortune or connections to influence him in the choice of his friends, will inevitably find himself falling short of the full development of which he is capable. His generous nature will shrink a little; his better impulses will be restrained a little; and his judgment on every subject will be warped, it may be to a degree that he will not directly appreciate, by his habit of estimating the value of men and women according to a fictitious standard. And this is essentially true whether we allow ourselves to make one rigid, unvarying, Procrustean bed for every one to lie in. Intellectual aristocracy is not the least narrow of the forms in which a feeling of *caste* asserts itself. What is the benefit, after all, of study, of reading, and writing, and making many books, if, somehow, we are not made broader and wider in our views—if we are not to lose the old habit of measuring everything according to our one rule—if we do not learn to see and appreciate strength and beauty (the latter being the more subtle, and so the more difficult to recognize), whether we find them in the conservatory or in the forest? Your young man just out of college comes into the world with a compassionate pity for this great, generous, hearty man of business who, probably, never heard of Xenophon. The graduate has something higher to give the world than this merchant ever dreamed of. But he begins to learn tolerance as the days and the months go by, and the world will not stop to hear him speak. He begins to appreciate that there is no one so useless as the man who disdains to form a part of the busy, moving mass that is pressing on to the field of action, but stands in idle admiration of his own contracted and unprogressive sphere.—*The Californian for May.*

THE JEWS OF MOROCCO.—On Purim a Moor called on a man named Mesod Uday (the object must have been, probably, business), and on being answered by him that it was a holiday, and he could not, therefore, attend to him, the Moor became angry, and, as is customary with Mohammedans, summoned the said Mesod Uday before the Governor, named Lebag Gaban, under the false plea that he had been cursed by him. Thereupon, the Governor sentenced our poor brother to receive no less than five hundred lashes, which was then and there inflicted; thus converting the joyful day of Purim into one of the utmost sorrow and grief to the whole Hebrew community of Watzan, comprising one hundred and fifty families. The recovery of the unfortunate victim was considered doubtful. This is the second outrage committed on our brethren in the space of two months, as your readers are aware of the occurrence which took place at Fez, whereby the body of an old man, aged eighty, was actually burnt after death with petroleum. We do not doubt that the foregoing particulars will move, as usual, the Council of the Anglo-Jewish Association to take the necessary steps, with the view of ameliorating the condition of such of our brethren who have the misfortune to reside in Morocco, and are thus exposed to such a horrible and inhuman treatment.—*Correspondence Jewish Chronicle.*

As you travel around the country you are more and more impressed with the conviction that the chief end of man is to paint patent medicine signs on the fences.

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AGENTS FOR THE JEWISH TIMES.

Herbert Baldwin, Stockton, Cal.

San Francisco, Friday, April 30, 1880.

CONGRESS has at last passed an appropriation for a consulship to Roumania. Some years since, the Israelites of this country maintained a representative at Bucharest, who rendered great service to his persecuted brethren in that country. The condition of the people there has somewhat improved, though they have not yet been invested with the rights and privileges guaranteed to them under the treaty of Berlin. Under these circumstances we hope that the position of Consul will be tendered to Hon. Benj. F. Peixotto, now representing this government at Lyons, France. It is somewhat doubtful if the gentleman could be persuaded to leave so lucrative a post as he now ably fills for the one under consideration, and the united voice of his co-religionists might be necessary to influence him in that direction, but should he be named for the office, and his acceptance follow, we are assured that no one could be selected who would more thoroughly, efficiently and conscientiously discharge the duties attached to the office than Hon. Benj. F. Peixotto.

The Sabbath Eve.

Should this meet the eye of any one who can recollect the calm and placid Friday evenings of the olden time, let him recall his mother with a holy calm setting down amidst her family, for the nonce resting from her household duties, listening to the heartfelt prayer emanating from the father of the family; let him recall the pure white linen that deck'd the table, the shining glass, the mirroring silver, and the general air of good wholesome holiness that pervaded the Friday night celebration. Then let him look upon the picture that is so often presented to him in his own household, perhaps, or in that of a near relative. Let him contrast the present mode of ushering in the holy Sabbath with that of his youthful days. Do the gilded splendors of a modern home, with card-playing, gaming and general profanation recompense him for the calm goodness of the days when with wrapt attention on this evening he listened to his father's tales of the heroic Israelites, who, may-hap, were his own ancestors,—cuddled close to his pious mother's side, who with tender solicitude bade him listen and grow up to be a man in Israel. Contrast those days with these, and do we wonder that the cause of mighty Israel is declining. No wonder that men achieved for themselves fame and fortune even in foreign lands, for they had in their youth imbibed the true spirit from the parents who prayed with their children on the Sabbath eve, and had learned the true spirit of Judaism. Are the children who are now launched into the vortex of life so well prepared to struggle with the world? No! decidedly no! In those days, faith and a something to stand by was instilled into their young minds. The art of playing cards on the Sabbath evening had not yet come into fashion. Let parents who have their children about their knees beware. Godliness must be infused into the human being when he is young. As the psalmist tells us, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and good example on the part of the parents is an everlasting boon which no one throughout life can forget. Gaming and playing for stakes on the Sabbath is becoming a favorite source of amusement in many families, and with those who call themselves the best of parents. They religiously believe that they do no harm, yet we think that the *publication* of those families who hold Friday night "receptions" would cause them a lasting blush. Again, we say, they should beware, lest their children will not "rise up and call them blessed."

Taxation of "Drummers."

The recent decision of the United States Circuit Court holding that a State may impose a tax on commercial travelers without violating the Federal Constitution is one of no little interest to the commercial world. The case arose under a statute of Nevada, passed in 1877, which requires that "every traveling merchant, agent, drummer or other person selling of offering to sell any goods, wares or merchandise of any kind to be delivered at some future time," or carrying samples and soliciting orders, shall get a license and pay twenty-five dollars a month for it, and provides that whosoever sells or tries to sell in violation of the statute shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a fine of not less than fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars. Under this law the representative of a San Francisco coffee and spice house was arrested for making sales in Nevada without a license. The firm contested the case on the ground, that the statute was in violation of the Federal Constitution. The Court decides otherwise. It holds that the act does not violate that clause which prohibits a State from taxing imports and exports, because this constitutional provision does not apply to goods carried simply from one State to another, but is limited to those brought into the United States from some foreign country. Nor is the statutes against that clause which vests in Congress the power to regulate commerce among the States. For, conceding that license fees are a tax on the merchandise sold, the act makes no discrimination against the goods of other States in favor of the products of Nevada. All are taxed alike, and it has been held by the Supreme Court of the United States where there is no discrimination against the goods of other States, the levying of the tax is within the taxing powers of the State. When tax laws similar to this have been declared unconstitutional it has been on the ground of unlawful discrimination. But the statutes of Nevada, as Judge Sawyer points out, makes no reference to foreign goods or the products of other States. It simply imposes a license tax on the business of all traveling merchants, agents, drummers or other persons selling any line of goods, without reference to where the goods were made or whence they come.

"HE DIED FOR HIS MOTHER."

* * * * * * *

Tell me, gentle traveler, who has wandered through the world, and seen the sweetest roses blow, and the brightest gliding rivers—of all thine eyes have seen which is the fairest land? Shall I tell thee, child, where nature is more blest and fair? It is where those whom we love abide. The space may be small, but it is more ample than kingdoms; it may be a desert, but through it runs the river of Paradise, and there are the enchanted bowers. —*Persian Poet.*

We are not of those who think a man should be praised for doing his duty, though even the persistent performance of duty is not a thing always to pass unnoticed in so lax a world as this. Among those duties least deserving of commendation, and oftenest left undone are the simple offices of filial love. Filial ingratitude has the primal curse upon it. The wail of King David, "O, Absalom, my son," rings down the ages, making discordant music with the paternal protest of Lear against the unnatural rebellion of his daughters. The virtue of filial love is inculcated by all religious teachers from Moses to the contemporary Rabbi; and by every philosopher from Confucius to Emerson.

Yet we have recently had one example of it so gentle, so tender, so remarkable as to make it worthy of a shining place in the records of human virtue. We mean, of course, the regard of Charles De Young for his mother, as exemplified by his life, and sublimed to something like heroism by his manner of death. Here was a man thought by the world to be badly flawed with faults and failings; a man of strong will, set purpose, and not always of gentle disposition. His nature was like the image in the dream interpreted by Daniel, in which were intermixed silver, gold, iron and clay. And yet, how many of those qualities of character which have elicited unkind comment, will, in the thoughts of good men and women be hidden away out of sight—covered and concealed forever by the tender charity, which this noble trait has worked. His filial affection was not of the commonplace kind, that permitted it to come within the meaning of the term "duty." It was effusive and overflowing. It needed no reminder to make it active and vigilent in the care and defense of the beloved object.

How does the ordinary son, too often love the mother who bore him, reared him, watched over him, waited for him, suffered for him through weary nights and dreary days? Truly and tenderly, of course. But what does that mean? He grows up, and goes out into the world, leaving her sitting by the fireside, perhaps alone. He does not come to her often; possibly he does not come at all. The life, the activity, the commerce of the great world engross him. It may be that he does not even write letters containing assurances of affection. But, sitting by the fireside, that grows each day chillier, lonelier, darker, she still sits and loves him all the same. The weeks grow into months, the months lengthen into years, until she becomes a gray-haired, old woman, not unloved, it is true, but really deserted. The son's love is not dead; it only smolders. He is satisfied because he knows there is the right feeling somewhere within him, and never thinks how

> The mother at home says: "Hark!
> For his voice I listen and yearn;
> It is growing late and dark,
> And my son does not return."

So, to this son, who may have given his mother everything but his presence, comes some day the news that she is dead, and her last words expressed a desire to see him. He is penitent, remorseful, full of the bitterest grief. But, as the Arab proverb says: "The past life and the neglected opportunity never come back. There is nothing left but atonement, and atonement can, no more than flattery, "soothe the dull, cold ear of death."

It was not in this way that Charles De Yong loved his mother. His love was proved by daily attention, and incessant tokens of remembrance. He was not only careful to see that every imaginable want was supplied, but he warded off every evil. His sentinels were ever on the watch for anything that might give her pain. There was never a sign of impatience at what other sons might have construed as exactions. There was always the filial kiss at meeting and parting. There was at all times his personal presence when it could be spared from his business, and frequent letters when he was absent from the city. He guarded her reputation with more than chivalrous devotion. The large presses of the *Chronicle* were made to assist in this noble work. She was never allowed to know of his personal difficulties for after the regular edition of the paper was printed, the matter which might have pained her was removed, other matter inserted, and the machinery set once more in motion to print a single paper for her eye alone.

And all this was continued, not only for days, but for weeks, months and years, with tender and unswerving love. It went on until it led him into the troubles that all remember, and the final encounter in which he met his death. The edge of criticism is dulled when it remembers with what high intent all this was done; not for personal emolument, not to satisfy a low desire for revenge, not to accomplish any mean end or aim, but to keep spotless the reputation of the mother, whom he regarded with sacred and reverential affection. If there is anything that sanctify deeds of violence, can atone even for that which is in itself wrong and censurable, it is such a high and holy filial feeling as this. It is this that will long keep the grass green above his grave, and his memory fresh in the hearts, not only of friends, but of thousands who know only his name, and the lofty motive in the long train of acts that ended in his tragic death.

What Constitutes Nationality. VIII.

The striving for nationality must take place without the treason against inherited traditions, and without treason against universal principles of humanity. True nationality should not be narrow-minded, timid, short-sighted—it must not be disfigured by low envy and petty jealousies; it must be generous and magnanimous. Burke once said in the English Parliament; "If we are to love our country, our country should be lovable." The true ideal of the German nation has been pointedly defined by Rümlin in the following words: "The idea of humanity stands still higher than all nationality. But never before has the peculiar mind of a people had a more direct relation to this idea of humanity than the German. Other nations served it without knowing it. But the Germans have been led by the peculiar course of their destinies to strive for that aim directly and consciously. They have often been blamed, that they do not know how to appreciate their own and that thay admire everything foreign. To infuse into them a dose of national pride has never been very successful, and after having achieved the greatest deeds, they can scarcely be warmed up to celebrate an anniversary. With the best will they cannot be made to despise things foreign; to meet the hatred of the enemy with equal intensity; they cannot give up seeking the good and acknowledging it wherever it be. The poetry of no nation has turned its look so directly to the heights of humanity. The science of no other nation has such a universal and international character."

In full accord with themselves, the German-Jews can and shall contribute to the fulfillment of this highest ideal of the German nation. To be perfect and thorough Germans, they must be and remain Jews. They have not merely the right but the duty to preserve for the German national spirit whatever, as a tribe, they are possessed of hereditary virtue and hereditary wisdom. Every people that is to reach a high degree of development, must be endowed with a variety of conditions and talents. It has long been observed that those nations stand highest in history which are the most mixed. Professor Lazarus owns that he does not belong to those who act as if they had sat in the Council of Providence and heard the destinies of times and nations. But every one must suppose that Providence had its hand in the preservation of this tiny tribe while round about great and powerful empires and nations have perished. It is not necessary to mention that men whose look is bounded by the short day of their existence presume to sit in judgment over a race whose testimonies are nearly the oldest, and which has seen the rise and decline of the great nations of antiquity. How natural must it have appeared to the Romans, who believed to have extended their empire over the globe and for boundless ages to come, to crush and annihilate this people. Where are the Romans? But the Jews see in Europe the sun of freedom, and live active industrious lives. But even serious, far-seeing men render sometimes narrow-minded opinions concerning Israel. The fact that Judaism is the mother of Christianity, begets in but few minds the simple feeling of gratitude. Most people believe that, because the birth of Christianity is accomplished, Judaism has no longer a right to exist. Must a mother die when she has borne a child?

Ewald—certainly not a friend of the Jews—ascribes to them a continual mission. He says: "Judaism had a right to exist by the side of Islam, although foolishly enough, it at first flattered this religion; it has even to-day a right by the side of all perverted Christianity. And as nothing is without use, the existence of Judaism at the present day can and shall remind us how little our own Christianity of to day, is already what it should be, both in science and life."

(To be Continued.)

Local Lines.

THE BYRON CLUB are making extensive preparations for their pic-nic at Belmont, Sunday, May 30th.

THE nuptials of Miss Aggie Lash and Mr. David Jacobs, will be celebrated Sunday, 9th of May.

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS of San Francisco and Alameda counties will pic-nic at Shell Mound Park, Berkely, May 8.

CARDS of invitation are out for the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. H. Froomberg, which will take place Sunday, 9th of May.

THE obliging *Chronicle* reporter, speaking of the Y. M. H. A. entertainment last night, says: "Card playing is *now* allowed in the rooms." What a power one letter has in changing the meaning of a word. Evidently, he wrote "*not*," which is a fact well-known to the "Christain member" of the Association.

MR. S. WILZINSKI, a pioneer Californian, well-known on the Coast, died Wednesday afternoon at his residence in this city. The deceased was a prominent member of the B'nai B'rith Order, and is a Past President of Etham Lodge of Sacramento. He was very generally esteemed, and his loss will be mourned by a large circle of friends. The funeral will take place from his late residence 816 Ellis street, next Sunday afternoon.

THE FUNERAL of Mr. Charles De Young, who was so brutally assassinated in his office Friday night, took place last Sunday, at 2 P. M., from his late residence, 317 Eddy street. The large concourse of people present, who with low and measured tread awaited the funeral procession, clearly demonstrated the profound feeling of sympathy which pervaded them, and the great sorrow which had penetrated the community. There were many contributions of flowers from sympathizing friends, among the most prominent was a large pillow of white blossoms, with tube roses and camelias interspersed, bordered by a variety of leaves. The inscription, made of dark blue violets, was arranged across and read: "Died for his mother." Rev. Dr. Elkan Cohn offered an impressive prayer, which he followed with an eulogy, that for tender pathos and eloquent passages is worthy of more than mere passing notice. The minister's reference to the love of the deceased for his mother was so pathetic that it brought tears to the eyes of all who were gathered within hearing of his voice. The funeral cortege was very large, and preceded by Yuerba Buena Lodge of Odd Fellows, wended its way to the cemetery of that Order, where Dr. Cohn read prayers for the burial of the dead, and the fraternity performed the last sad rites for a deceased brother.

Young Men's Hebrew Association.

The second entertainment of the season under the auspices of The Y. M. H. A. took place last evening, at their rooms, 211 Sutter street. The apartments presented a most cheerful and inviting appearance and the elegant appointments were the subject of general and favorable comment. No fashionable drawing rooms could present a pleasanter scene or be enlivened by a happier party than was gathered there.

While the anticipations were of a high character, these were fulfilled and even exceeded by the excellent entertainment which was furnished. Provision had been made for the large audience, in Clark's hall adjoining the Association's rooms, which was filled to its utmost capacity by an intelligent and appreciative assemblage. The entertainment was begun by an exquisite overture by Catlin, played by Blum's celebrated orchestra. Mr. Charles Shilling, chairman of the evening, then addressed the audience as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In the name of the Young Mens' Hebrew Association, I extend to you, one and all, a cordial welcome to our second entertainment of the season, and permit me to say that I am exceedingly gratified to observe so generous an assemblage of friends, and for your kind attendance, I thank you.

Associations of the character represented by the Young Mens', of San Francisco, have need of friends, at all times, to encourage, to stimulate, and to incite those whose talents, or powers are dormant for want of opportunity to arouse, or incentive to promote them. In this connection I might claim for young men of the Jewish faith a natural superiority of mind, a claim most generally allowed, but I will not particularize for fear of being charged with partiality, but it were only meagre justice to our co-religionists who have obtained eminence in the world of music, literature and science, to claim some of the glory that is due them for their prominence in those different fields. With a handful of members, with limited resources, we cannot hope to realize the ambitious designs, whose fulfillment would so materially advance the Association to the standard so devoutly wished for by its managers. To accomplish this end, the assistance of our Jewish community is necessary, and I hope the required aid will not be withheld.

Our aims and objects are certainly worthy the consideration of our people, and our past successes, howsoever modest, are a sufficient guarantee of what the future may develop, if we are properly recognized and sustained by all those desiring to uphold an institution so closely identified with our faith and our race. Is it not a thought worthy of contemplation, when we look about us, and observe that of all portions of the globe where Judaism is upheld, in none save the United States are there institutions similar to the one I have the pleasure to represent this evening. In the United States, where the cry is heard, and re-echoed abroad, that the faith of our forefathers is dying out, and in our hurry to amass wealth, religion is almost forgotten! It is true, that in mere ceremonials and customs, we may be somewhat behind our European brethren, but the faith that has lived 3,000 years cannot and will not die out, the best evidence of its vitality being the existence of this brotherhood, so nobly styled "Young Mens' Hebrew Associations," every member of which is an advocate of the holy principles of Judaism. Is there not some practical encouragement due us; are we not entitled to a little aid? Should we not, I ask, receive assistance from those who can, by but a small pittance, help us to attain the objects of the Association, and thus make it an institution worthy of this city, worthy of our people, and worthy of the name it bears.

I must confess that I am somewhat surprised at the tardy recognition of this society by our co-religionists. In cities of the Eastern States similar associations are in a flourishing condition, hundreds of young men subscribing the rolls of membership, and the respective Jewish communities, exhibiting an interest that is strikingly absent in this city, of 12,000 Hebrews. I, for one, will not admit that there is more enthusiasm for Judaism in the East than here upon our Western slope. It is inexplicable that our Y. M. H. A. can barely maintain itself. Are our young men of different mental calibre than their brethren in Philadelphia? are our merchants less liberal than their *confreres* in New York? I think not, and hence I must say, that it is simply surprising to observe the laxity shown toward our Association. It is universally admitted that societies of this character increase the ties of brotherhood, encourage mutual acquaintance, develop the latent talents of the gifted, and in many ways strengthen the bond of natural sympathy that is in every human breast, thus emphasizing the recognized fact that our people are, and will be, as in the past, an indivisable race.

It is useless for me to say anything regarding our past achievements, for they are too well-known to be commented upon here, and all we need toward future advancement and success is an increase of membership; an increase of men that are willing to take an interest in the affairs of the society, and imitating the best models, make it equal to any in the Union. We can then show the world at large, that though we are on the borders of civilization, our thoughts, actions and ideas grasp for the standard enjoyed by our brothers in the more populous Eastern cities. My friends, let "Excelsior" be our motto, and I sincerely trust the time will not long tarry, when we can justly claim the distinction of being numbered among the foremest in the new brotherhood, entitled "The Young Men's Hebrew Association."

At the conclusion the speaker was warmly applauded.

Mr. M. Grossman recited Macaulay's stirring poem "Virginius," winning well merited applause for his effort. Miss Josephine Yehl gave an aria on the piano from Lucia de Lammermoor. Her delicacy of touch, elegant conception and thorough comprehension of the immortal work, received an enthusiastic encore to which she gracefully responded. Mr. D. B. Marx read an essay entitled "The Anti-Jewish Revolt." The treatment of his subject, showed conclusively that it had received earnest study and mature thought, while the method in which the essayist treated his subject was strikingly original. We hope to be enabled to present the essay to our readers in a subsequent issue. Mrs. Ben. Mayers followed with the song, "Ye Merry Birds." Her excellent rendition earned a hearty recall, when she sang with much vivacity the pretty German ballad, "Roeschen's Seensucht." Mr. Andrew M. Davis delivered a beautiful selection, entitled "Wounded," and we must say that it is the most finished of all the gems in this gentleman's extensive *repetoire*. He gave a short comic sketch in answer to a generous encore. Mr. Max. C. Ettinger sang "Jack and I" with pleasing effect. Mr. Marcus Mayer recited Leppard's "Death-bed of Benedict Arnold," which quite enraptured his listeners, and for an encore gave a scene from "The Marble Heart." The programme was fittingly concluded with a piano solo by Mr. Felix Greenwald, "The Æolian Harp." The company then retired to the parlors, where a general conversation was indulged in until the hall had been cleared for dancing. This favorite amusement was continued until 12 o'clock, when the company regretfully turned away from the scene of one of the most delightful evenings in the record of happy social events.

Much praise is due to the Entertainment Committee, consisting of Messrs. Jacob Steppacher, Herman Enkle, E. B. Marx. M. J. Sahlein and Charles Shilling, for their untiring energy and faithful attention to every detail which contributed to the harmony of the occasion.

Ladies' Zion Society.

At a time when, from all directions, come expressions of sorrow at the neglect of society to do homage to the Lord, and that it continually bends its knee to the trinity—egotism, materialism and radicalism; at a time when newspapers have naught but murder, robbery, and the like to report, the journalist joyfully hails an occasion which affords him the opportunity of chronicling an event, the nature of which may be looked upon as the bright side of society's doings; he hails the opportunity to gladden hearts, and, if possible, quicken the sluggish souls with pleasant tidings; that notwithstanding the chaos into which this sinful world has fallen, the great command of God, His golden rule, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is at times practically fulfilled; that love, and truth, and affection are still harbored in the breasts of some of our good people, as we shall illustrate in the following pleasant incident:

About six months ago, application was made to the Superintendent of the free school of the Ladies' Zion Society, at the Turk-street Synagogue, to receive for instruction Meyer Klapper, a boy twelve and a half years of age, and as he was recommended to be a good, intelligent and well-behaved boy, the Superintendent was particularly requested to interest himself in the boy's behalf, who by the way, is a step-child, and those who hitherto cared for him, are themselves in an indigent and helpless condition. The request, of course, was promptly granted. The boy making good use of the opportunities thus afforded him, set about with a will and a spirit, so that he rapidly advanced and soon found himself in the highest class in the school, which is under the immediate charge of the Superintendent. Last Saturday was the occasion of Meyer Klapper's *Bar Mitzvah*, at *Beth Israel* Synagogue, where the whole congregation was really astonished at his intelligent reading and his entire self-possession. The absence of friends and relatives, save the poor but generous step-father, who on such occasions participate in the old-time festivities and congratulations incident to the *Bar Mitzvah*, seemed, however, to cast a gloom upon the boy's mind, whose emotion gave vent in bitter, burning tears. When at the conclusion of the services, the humble but tidy home of the boy's invalid mother was sought, there to receive the blessing such as a mother only can bestow, a scene long to be remembered was enacted. The officers of the Beth Israel Congregation, joined by the lady officers of the Zion Society, surprised the home of Master Klapper, and there extended to the parents and the *Bar Mitzvah* their sincere congratulations, and in a generous spirit of human kindness presented the boy with a handsome watch and chain, appropriately inscribed, and accompanied by words of tender love and affection. O, how gladdened were the hearts of these poor people, and how happy the boy, who will certainly make these joyous moments the companions of his life. While we cheerfully devote our space to this pleasant event, we can only add: May the ladies of the Zion Society, and all those who find pleasure in creating pleasure for others, and who toil for the sake of humanity, find the reward of the righteous.

PERSONAL.

MS. Adolph Bachman, of Portland, O., is registered at the Palace Hotel.

DR. M. Herzstein, formerly of Portland, O., has recently returned from an European tour, and is now located in this city, in the practice of his profession.

Mr. Henry Blackman will leave on the Oregon steamer May 1st, for his future home in the Webfoot State.

JOSEPH SELIGMAN.

Mr. Joseph Seligman, the subject of the following biographical sketch, died in New York last Sunday, April 25th. He was born in Bayersdorf, Kingdom of Bavaria, November, 1819, and at the time of his death had reached the age of nearly three score and one. The deceased was the eldest of eight brothers, all of whom have been, and are yet, closely identified with the great house of which he was the founder. Mr. Seligman obtained a common-school education, but his love for knowledge led his parents to send him to the university of Erlangen, one of the most famous institutions of learning in Europe. Here he spent several years and then began to prepare himself for the Jewish ministry. To the arduous labor of preparation, he devoted but a brief season. His inborn thirst for freedom, enlarged by the liberal education he received, turned his eyes toward the United States, where he was assured of political and religious equality. Thoroughly imbued with the purpose to seek a home in the new Eldorado, he left his native village at the age of eighteen years, and arrived in America in 1836. He set to work with characteristic energy, and settled in Greensboro, Alabama, where he engaged in merchandizing. It was a period of exceptional prosperity in the Southern States, and he urged his brothers to come to America. Acting upon his advice they came—seven in number—accompanied by their father. The brothers located in different Southern places and were generally successful. In 1847, the brothers removed to New York City, where combining their capital, the house of Seligman Brothers was founded. The business of importing cloths and the manufacture of clothing was conducted until 1862 or '63. During this period, in the year 1850, a branch house was established in San Francisco by Jessie, Abraham and Leopold Seligman, which some years ago was passed over to other parties. The busy brain of Joseph Seligman, moved him to attempt the introduction of United States bonds in Germany. This was in 1863—the darkest hour of the civil war, when our national credit was shaking in the balance. He succeeded in his patriotic endeavor, and thereby created a feeling of confidence in the resources and stability of our Government and enlisted the sympathy of German capitalists for the Federal cause. The bank which had been put in operation by the Seligman Bros., in this city, was the nucleus for similar institutions in New York, Frankfort, London, and subsequently in Paris. The government appreciating the great service rendered by the Seligman's, recognized them as government bankers, and their London agency became the authorized depository for the State and Naval Departments, in Europe. In '71–'72, when the United States concluded to refund the 5-20 bonds, Joseph Seligman suggested the formation of a syndicate, and having formulated the plans, they were subsequently adopted. The house of Seligman bore a very prominent part in the enormous transactions which followed, and since that time, they have continued to interest themselves in all syndicates subsequently formed for the placing of government loans. Lately, they were the chief promoters of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, a new line which will connect the East with San Francisco, upon which work has been inaugurated and its completion is promised in three years.

In politics, Mr. Joseph Seligman was a Republican. He was twice elected President of the Union League, was one of the famous committee of 70, who overthrew the "Tweed ring," and a member of "The Commission on Rapid Transit," which gave to New York its elevated railway system. In stature, Mr. Seligman was short, corpulent, though compactly built. His silvery hair and strong intellectual countenance marked him as no ordinary man. He was generous to a fault, and his many deeds of benevolence, so free from ostentation, will forever remain proverbial. These virtues, coupled with his affable deportment and civility to his fellow-men in all walks of life, have left for him a monument less perishable than marble and more enduring than bronze.

Mr. Seligman was a scholar, versed in ancient and contemporary literature, and his leisure was all devoted to reading and the cultivation of his family ties, for it may be remarked that those attachments were very strong, and that during a married life of 28 years, he was never absent from his wife a day, save during occasional journeys to Washington.

The deceased has four daughters married, the youngest being the wife of Mr. Philip N. Lilienthal, cashier of the Anglo-California Bank. Mr. Seligman's brothers, with one sister, survive him. They are, James, William, Jesse, Henry, Abraham, Leopold and Isaaac, and Mrs. Lehmayer.

Fraternal Societies.

As it is intended to make this column of general interest, communications upon subjects contained in this column will be gladly received and impartially treated.

Free and Accepted Masons.

"SIT LUX ET LUX FUIT."

[The following beautiful poem, which will be appreciated by members of the Mystic Tie was composed by Bro. W. L. Gardner, 14°, of New York City, who caused few copies to be published and distributed among his personal friends, one of whom has handed it to us for publication. The references to Christianity occur because of Bro. Gardner's belonging to the Knight Templar Degree; but the poem has such intrinsic merit, that we think the craft should have the benefit of it.]

"The Pilgrim's Response."

A weary pilgrim, by my side
His staff and sandals laid,
And, to my queries quaint, replied,
And thus to him I said,
"Thou seekest aid—thy garb commends
Unto our hearts all pilgrim friends.
I do not wish to know thy name—
I only ask from whence you came?"

"From where the cypress blossoms bloom,
Upreared above the Temple's ruin—
Where many a Templar lost his life
Amid the din of battle's strife;
And infidel did rue the day
The pilgrim warrior passed that way.
From where bold Godfrey—valiant knight—
Did lean the van in many a fight,
That the sacred flag might ever wave
In peace above the patriarchs' grave.
From John the Saint (blessed be his name),
Jerusalem!—from thence I came."

"Art thou a brother firm and true—
If so, what came you here to do?"

"I am a brother. Proud am I
To be one of that mystic tie
That binds us in the bonds of love—
Our truth and friendship thus to prove,
I've crossed the portal—as did you—
My earthly passions to subdue,
And in the arts to still improve—
To fit my soul for realms above.
Entered apprentice I have been,
Then passed to rank with journemen.
As Master raised with greatest care,
And gripped a grip both strong and square,
Hard have I toiled in quarries dark,
And graven there my master's mark.
Inspection passed—firm, square and true—
As none but Master's work can do,
I've traveled East, and filled the chair
Placed by the Orientals there—
And with companions made the march
Beneath the living Royal Arch.
With Master Royal and Select
In council sat—and did reflect
Within my chamber by the light,
Before I took my vow of Knight.
I've stood beside our Hiram's tomb
When every heart was filled with gloom.
A Provost and a Judge I've been,
And justice dealt unto all men.
Intendent too—I helped to build,
And gave the plans to workmen skilled,
I am a Knight elect of Nine—
Of Fifteen, and a Knight sublime.
I've sat beneath perfection's light,
Where the lost word is brought to sight.
Far in the mysteries I've wrought—
Diligently for love I've sought."

"Then by thy speech and cunning way,
Thou art a Mason, I should say."

"I heed thy words, and bid thee fair,
Upon the level and the square,
For 'mongst all men who know me well,
For one I am taken. Time will tell
If honored in their ranks I stand
Or worthy prove to grasp thy hand.
When years ago I did them join,
I found a warm hand clasped in mine,
That led me in paths I knew the least,
And placed my feet in the North-East.
Since then alone I've worked my way,
Yet willing hearts did by me stay,
And kindly hands were by my side
Outstretched, at once my aid and guide.
I am a Mason and a Brother,
And haste to greet thee as another."

"Thou mayest be worthy, a Mason free—
But how dost know thyself to be?"

"Mine age you see in faltering limb—
My feeble footstep, eyesight dim—
My straggling hairs long turned to grey,
For fourscore years have passed away.
Last of my race—the only one—
All those who raised me dead and gone.
Yet lessons taught me still will last
Until I'm numbered with the past,
For knowledge learned by years of toil
Is ne'er forgot. It is the oil
That feeds the lamp and gives the light
That serves to make the Mason bright,
And though I often have been tried
I never yet have been denied."

"*Denied* thou never yet mayest be—
But how wilt prove thyself to me?"

"I have the sign as well as token—
The proof, 'tis plain, a column broken—
A weeping virgin by its side—
The point and circle for my guide—
An Eye that everything can see—
An emblem in the letter 'G'—
Level and plumb—unerring square—
(Those jewels that most precious are)
Trowel and compass, Holy Writ—
And lesser lights that round them flit—
All these I have, and many more
Whereby the craftsmen set great store."

"Speed on thy journey, pilgrim wan,
I'm satisfied, pass on—pass on—
Here fill thy scrip with goodly food,
And wine to cheer thine aged blood.
For gold and silver I have none,
But what I have is all thine own.
May every brother thou dost meet,
Extend to thee a friendly greet,"
And when thy soul's to Maker given,
And thou art summoned home to Heaven,
May He who tiles the gate above,
Be satisfied thy truth to prove.
At his right hand, then, mayest thou rest,
A favored one among the blest,
For are we not in Scriptures told,
In words more precious far than gold—
"Be thou faithful to the last—
Wheresoever thy lot may be—
And when thy pilgrimage is past,
Everlasting life I'll give to thee."

SAN FRANCISCO Chapter No. 1, R. A. M., intend to work the Mark Master's degree on Monday evening.

KING SOLOMON LODGE (in the Western addition), have had plenty of work lately. The material is of the best kind.

FROM all accounts, the Fraternity in this jurisdiction is prospering, and the great care which is taken in the selection of those who are admitted to membership augurs well for the success of Masonry in this State. As we have heretofore stated in this column, the question of the relation of the colored Masons to white Masons—or rather of the different jurisdictions—is one which must eventually be squarely met and satisfactorily settled. The evils attendant upon the refusal of the white Grand Lodge to give any recognition of the colored Grand Lodge, force themselves so frequently upon our attention that we cannot fail to notice them. For example: Not long since, a black man, made in a lodge in this city, working under the jurisdiction of the "Colored" Grand Lodge, took his dimmit and went to Australia, where he applied for admission by affiliation. The lodge there, not recognizing any distinction of color, admitted him to membership, and now he is a member of a lodge which (is unquestionably) regular. Should he at any time return here, we should be compelled to receive him, notwithstanding that he was—originally—not made in a regular lodge. These are matters which the Masonic Jurists should take steps to rectify. Various Grand Bodies have declared that the Masonry practised by our colored brethren is in all respects the same as ours, and is as lawful. But in America—where no such distinctions should be made—the color line is still maintained in a Fraternity which professes the utmost liberality. This is wrong, and some means should be taken to rectify it.

I. O. B'nai B'rith.

WE are informed that Columbia Lodge No. 127 and Montefiore Lodge No. 1 are in favor of closing the Library on the Jewish Sabbath. Other lodges think differently, and while we claim the right to our own opinions, we concede the same right to others. It does not necessarily follow that because others disagree with us, that we are incapable of having an honest and decided opinion on this subject. The "Library" question was fully discussed in Golden Gate Lodge No. 129 at its meeting on April 21st, the occasion being the visit of the Grand President and other members of the Grand Lodge. The position taken by the advocates of keeping the Library open, is that it is better that our young people should read such works as Mrs. Southworth's novels, the "Mysteries of Paris," or the "Mysteries of the Court of London," than not to read at all on the Sabbath. We respectfully differ from this opinion, and claim that unless the mind can be stored with healthy and useful knowledge, it were better to read nothing. It is also claimed that the end to be attained, viz., information—justifies the violation of the Sabbath. We again beg leave to differ. The theory that "the end justifies the means," caused the Inquisition in Spain; it caused our forefathers to be burned at the stake; their children to be cruelly tortured and killed; their wives, mothers and daughters to be outraged and murdered; it caused our people to be robbed and plundered; it caused them to be driven from the places which they had made their homes; it has caused every religious persecution that the world has ever witnessed. Shall we justify all these wrongs by accepting the battle-cry under which they occurred? No. Let us be consistent. Let us honor the teachings of our fathers, and heed the counsels of our mothers, and by pure and holy lives fit ourselves to take that station among the religions of the earth, which our God intended we should; when he said: "Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of Priests." The Order of B'nai B'rith having undertaken the mission of uniting Israel on one common basis; let it be the first to show to the children of Israel the duty of obeying God's solemn commands. Let it be the beacon-light of Judaism, while crossing the dark and dangerous sea of Infidelism, and let this Order shine forth as Israel's hope, in the hour of its danger. Then when the dark hour shall have passed way, and the bright dawn appears, we shall reap the reward to which we will be entitled.

Why We Dye.

A lady who has an article of wearing apparel slightly worn or faded, it certainly pays her to have it cleaned, dyed and repaired. A gentleman who has an article of wearing apparel worn or faded, it is certainly consistent to have it also dyed, cleaned and repaired. In fact, gents' and ladies' suits, shawls, cloaks, furs, foot-mats, feathers, kid gloves, neckties, crepe, veils, velvets, etc., are dyed, cleaned and repaired to equal new, by the very best dyeing establishment on the Pacific Coast, at the most moderate prices. Articles may be sent by mail or express, and will be returned by the same method. We are, respectfully, the original John F. Snow & Co., 633 Market street, Palace Hotel. Oakland Branch: 1063 Broadway. No branch office in San Francisco.

CHAS. J. HOLMES,
Proprietor.

"TILDEN and Rheumatism" would be a good ticket.

The States.

NEW YORK.—The late Abraham Scholle, recently deceased in this city, has bequeathed the sum of $2,500 for a perpetual bed in Mount Sinai Hospital, and his widow donated $1,000 to the United Hebrew Charities.

REV. MR. GUINZBURG having resigned the position of Cantor of the Rivington Street Congregation, was unanimously elected to, and accepted a like position in the Temple Ahavath Chesed.

MISS BELLA BERRINGER, a young Jewess of this city, and a pianist of remarkable talent, recently made her debut at a concert given by the Musical Conservatory at Stuttgart. The critics are unanimous in her praise, and bespeak a brilliant future for Miss Berringer.

THE ANNUAL election for officers of the Young Mens' Hebrew Association will soon take place. The contest promises to be a lively one. It is not probable that the present executive, Mr. Hays, will be a candidate for the succession, he having lately assumed the responsibilities of a Benedict.

HON. BEN. K. PHELPS lectured before the Y. M. H. A. to a very large audience. His subject was, "Some Phases of Crime." The lecturer is the efficient District Attorney of New York, and from his position, has become familiar with crime in all its aspects.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—A convention of delegates from Buffalo, Syracuse and Rochester was held in this city. The object of the same was the discussion of plans for the founding of a Jewish Orphan Asylum for Western New York. The Association numbers 500 members, and the prospects for success are exceedingly flattering. The officers for the current year are: Moses Hays, Pres't.; Martin Bier, Sec.; S. Levyn; Treas.

CINCINNATI, O.—Nathan Stix, a prominent merchant, with his family leave next month, for an extended tour through Europe. He was honored with a farewell banquet at the "Phœnix."

MR. AND MRS. TROUNSTINE celebrated their silver wedding Saturday evening, 17th inst.

Foreign.

Germany.

MUNICH.—Three Israelites represent this city in the Bavarian Legislature. They are Doctors Frankenburger, Haenle and Gunzenhaeuser.

LEMBERG.—The Common Council of this place consists of fifty-five members, of which seventeen are Jews.

BERLIN.—The Academy of Sciences consists of twenty-one members, or whom five are Jews.

THE celebrated Cantor Lichtenstein died here at the age of 75 years.

ASCHAFFENBURG. — Rabbi Abraham Adler died last February, in the seventy-second year of his age.

LEIPZIG.—Dr. Joseph Berel's work on "The Natural Sciences in the Talmud," has been published here.

HANOVER.—The director of one of the high schools in this city, recently undertook to exclude Jewish pupils from the institution under his charge. The Municipal body hearing of his officiousness, severely censured him, and ordered him to restore the proscribed children to their previous status. He should have been expelled from his position and sent to teach the Zulus the art of barbarity.

DARMSTADT. — At a village in the neighborhood of this city, there is a small Jewish community, the *Chazan* of which has two children who have displayed wonderful musical talent. The parents have been repeatedly urged to send their children to the Conservatory of Music to be educated there, but they had no means to enable them to do so. Recently, however, they were informed that the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt had given orders that the children should be admitted without payment as pupils of the Conservatory.

BREMEN.—In consequence of the introduction of pamphlets of the anti-Semitic League into that city, the authorities issued a proclamation cautioning the people from taking any part in the operations of the League, and that attempts to provoke a disturbance of the peace, the natural result of an encouragement of the League, or more properly Jew haters, would receive prompt and severe punishment.

France.

PARIS.—The *Societe des Etudes Juif*, whose object is to cultivate and advance Jewish lore and literature is making rapid progress. Baron James Rothschild is President; Grand Rabbi Kahn, Vice President, and Isidor Loeb, Secretary.

M. LEONCE MAYER, who is only eighteen years of age, has been appointed architect and surveyor of bridges and tunnels by the French government.

Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The *Golos* is advocating concessions in various directions. It recently published a leading article on behalf of the Poles, expressing a hope that the time was not distant when the political condition of the country would be ameliorated. And the same influential journal expresses the opinion that when the Jews receive equal rights with other Russian subjects the present hostile feelings against them would surely disappear.

Bohemia.

IN 1878 Bohemia had a Jewish population of 97,374, an increase of 5,000 in ten years.

LUSCHE.—A case of remarkable longevity is exhibited in Rabbi Solomon Levy, who recently died in this town at the age of ninety-seven years. He was singularly well-preserved, having officiated last YOM KIPPUR during the most solemn services of the day.

Austro-Hungary.

THE Emperor has conferred the order of Knighthood on Theodore Taussig, manager of the Bodencredit Bank.

Australia.

MELBOURNE.—A fair in aid of the two Jewish congregations was continued seven days, and was highly successful, over $10,000 having been netted.

Hungary.

WHEN the notorious General Haynau commanded the Austrian troops in 1849 in the then defeated Hungary, he imposed on the Jews an extra contribution of 2,125,000 florins. When Hungary regained its constitutional rights, this sum was returned to the Jews as a school fund, and is now the basis of the Hungarian Jewish schools, including the rabbinical seminary. Now the hyper-orthodox element, who want schools of their own, petitioned the Chamber to divide that school fund accordingly. The petition was negatived; the fund can not be divided. The Chamber also proposed laws to the Government to sanction the intermarriage of Jews and Gentiles, and the right of Hungarian Christians to embrace Judaism.

Asia Minor.

ABOUT a month since, a deputation, introduced by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M. P., and including Sir Barrow Ellis, K. C. S. L., Mr. Alfred G. Henriques and Mr. F. D. Mocatta waited on the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, London, in reference to the famine in Asia Minor, which has reduced immense numbers of Mohammedans and Jews to a state of starvation. The deputation requested the Lord Mayor to convene a public meeting at the Mansion House in reference to the famine, and to address circulars to public bodies, bankers, etc., directing their attention to the prevailing misery. The Lord Mayor expressed his willingness to comply with the request of the deputation.

"Considered Trifles."

—*Shakespeare.*

WHAT is Edison doing in the dark?

LIKELY to get beaten soon—Carpets.

A MANSARD roof is an architectural bang.

THE hen is a revengful bird. Always laying for somebody.

GLADSTONE can say, "I did it with my little American axe."

A SIGN on a restaurant in Clay street reads. "Stak and Unins, 20c."

A GOOD batter can be made of buckwheat flour, but a good catcher cannot.

WILLIAM BLACK'S new novel is called "Sunrise." Probably because he thinks it will be read.

THE Blaine boom seems to be going a little slower than formerly. A few good stalwarts will have to go around behind and push.

BEFORE the census-taker the tramp is equal to the millionaire—if he will stand still long enough to be counted.

A BOSTON paper has given the whole thing away by showing that the cry of Edmunds really means Sherman, if it don't mean Grant!

WIVES are wanted in Leadville, and the duties are quite light. Nothing but to cook the dinner, wash the dishes and dress gunshot wounds.

ARTEMUS WARD once commenced a lecture by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I possess a gigantic intellect, but I haven't it with me."

IT is said a baby will cry no harder if a pin is stuck into him than he will if the cat won't let him pull her tail. It is, therefore, cheaper to pin him.

THE Rev. Dr. Hall says that every blade of grass contains a sermon. But every sermon does not contain anything so fresh and pointed as a blade of grass.

A young lady sent a poem entitled, "I cannot make him smile" to a British newspaper. The editor ventures to express the opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell *hostility*. "H—o–r–s–e–, horse," commenced Pat. "Not *horse*—tility," said the teacher; "but *hos*—tility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say *hoss?* Be jabers! it's *wan* thing wid ye one day, and another the nixt."

Bush Street Theater.

CHARLES E. LOCKE. - Proprietor.

THIS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY ENENINGS.

(No performance Sunday.)

ALSO AT SATURDAY MATINEE.

Successful production of Genee's Comic Opera in 3 acts, entitled the

ROYAL ROYAL MIDDY! MIDDY!

Purchased from the author and produced from his instructions.

Emile Melville as Fanchette

And the following embraced in the admirable cast:

ANNIS MONTAGUE, CHAS. H. TURNER,
LILLY POST, HARRY PEAKES,
LOUISE PAULLIN, MAX FREEMAN,
TOM CASSELLI, WILLIE SIMMS,
ETC., ETC., ETC,

MR. GUSTAV HINRICHS. . .Musical Director.

Seats may be secured two weeks in advance.

The Tivoli Gardens.

(Eddy St., bet. Market and Mason.)

KRELING BROS., - Proprietors.

The Greatest Success

Of the Season!

SUPPE'S COMIC OPERA IN 3 ACTS,

Le Petit Duc.

A Full and Efficient Chorus.

New and Elaborate Scenery.

Brilliant Effects.

THE AMUSING SHADOW PANTOMIME

J. M. NAVONI, Conductor.

12th Annual Picnic

OF THE

Knights of Pythias,

—OF—

San Francisco and Alameda Counties,

TO BE HELD AT

SHELL MOUND PARK,

SATURDAY, MAY 8TH 1880.

A PRIZE will be given to every child accompanied by parent or guardian.

EVERY PERSON entering the park will receive a duplicate check, entitling them to a chance in the raffle of a $60 sewing machine, donated by the Singer Manufacturing Co., 118 Sutter St.

GAMES AND DANCING. MUSIC by 2nd Regiment Band of 16 pieces.

ADULT tickets, 50 cents.

CHILDREN, between the ages of 8 and 12 years, 25 cents.

GRAND ANNUAL

PICNIC,

IN AID OF THE

I. O. B. B. Library

Under the auspices of

District Grand Lodge,

—AT—

BELMONT PARK,

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TICKETS (for round trip) $1 00
CHILDREN (occupying seats) ..... 50 Cts

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Valuable Prizes will be distributed.

Blum's Band will furnish music for the occasion.

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A MOST VALUABLE MACHINE has been invented, called the

DRY GOLD WASHER,

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ESTABLISHED 1852.

DRESS MAKING.

TO THE LADIES!

To save trouble by having BADLY MADE OR ILL FITTING dresses, go to

MRS. E. PEISER,

121 Sixth St., San Francisco,

bet. Minna and Howard streets,

Where you can have them well and stylishly made at very reasonable prices,

Cutting and fitting a specialty. Patterns cut to measure.

The Jewish Times

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

San Francisco, Friday, April 30, 1880.

A Lesson; and how Two Learned it.

Betty sighed. Now why she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little, shapely hand a brand new ten-dollar bill. And here began the trouble.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker"—"*now* what is it?"

Betty, who had just begun to change the sign into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head, and with a small jerk, no ways conciliating, sent out the words, "You needn't insinuate that I'm *always* troublesome!"

"I *didn't* insinuate—who's talking of insinuating?" cried John, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and backing away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation. "It's *you* yourself that's forever insinuating, and all that; and then to put it on to me, it's—abominable!"

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers were not pleasant to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all!" cried Betty, with two big, red spots coming in her cheeks as she tried to draw her little, erect figure up to its utmost dimensions. "FOREVER insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that *before* I married you! Oh, now you can, of course!"

"Didn't you say it *first*, I'd like to know?" cried John in great excitement, drawing nearer to the small creature he called "wife," who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation—"*I* can't endure *everything*."

"And if you bear more than *I* do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh, and tossed her head again.

And here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two who but a year before had promised to love and *protect* and *help* each other through life.

"Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoes, only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we'll have no more of this nonsense!" His face was very pale, and the lines around the mouth so drawn that it would have gone to any one's heart to have seen their expression.

"I don't know how you will change it or help it," said Betty, lightly, to conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, "I'm sure," and she pushed back, with a saucy, indifferent gesture, the light waving hair from her forehead.

That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her when tired or disheartened, and called her "childie." Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at the sunny hair, and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew it he was saying, "There is no help for it *now*, I suppose."

"Oh yes, there is," said Betty, still in the cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You needn't try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure *I* don't care!"

"*What* do you mean?" Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look up to him.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and live to suit yourself, and it will be better all around."

Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of fond affection and remorse, which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly for a long, long minute, then dropped her arm, and said through white lips, very slowly:

"Yes, it may be as you say—better all around. You know best," and was gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the ten dollar bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears—the first she had shed during her married life.

"How *could* he have done it—oh, what have I said—oh John, *John!*"

The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants. Betty remembered like a flash how John and she filled the seed-cup that very morning, how he laughed when she tried to put it in between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair, he took her in his great arms, and held her up, just like a child, that she might fix it to suit herself. And the "bits" that he said in his tender way, why they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work singing for very gladness of spirit. And *now!*—

Betty stuffed her fingers hard into her rosy ears to shut out the bird's chirping.

"If he knew *why* I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my 'husband!' Birthdays—nothing will make any difference *now*. Oh, why can't I *die?*"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until a voice out in the kitchen said, "Betty!" and heavy footsteps proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited.

Betty sprang up, choked backed her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself, and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village a twelvemonth previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as house-cleaning, dressmaking, and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of news-gatherer, at one and the same time, pretty effectually.

She always called her by her first name, though Betty inly resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently, and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk!

But she never had—and now, scenting dimly, like a carrion after its prey, that trouble might have come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do *her* work, if devastation had really commenced.

"Been crying?" she said, more plainly than politely, and touching the pretty cheek with her long, thin forefinger. "I wouldn't—he ain't worth it."

"What do you mean?" cried Betty, in the extremest consternation and indignation.

"Oh, nothin'," said Miss Simmons carelessly, and sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking-chair with an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happily—but la! I wouldn't mind—I know 'tain't *your* fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this! John and she not to live happily! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten around so soon—a story in everybody's mouth!

With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, failing in that, was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin', so you can't blame me, if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure!"

"You tell folks so?" repeated Betty vaguely, and standing quite still. "What? I don't understand."

"Why, that the blame is all his'n," cried the "old maid," exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say, says I, why there couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then I tell 'm what a queer man he is, how cross, an—"

"And you *dare* to tell people such things of *my* husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extremest height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair, that as she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised, and stared blindly into the blazing eyes and face rosy with righteous indignation, her only thought was how to get away from the storm she had raised, but couldn't stop. But she was forced to stay, for Betty stood just in front of the chair, and blocked up the way, so she slunk back into the smallest corner of it, and took it as best she could.

"*My* husband!" cried Betty, dwelling with pride on the pronoun—at least, if they were to part, she would say it over lovingly as much as she could till the last moment; and then, when the time *did* come, why people should know that it wasn't John's fault—"the best, the kindest, the *noblest* husband that was ever given to a woman. I've made *him* more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him—I've been cross, impatient, and—"

"Hold!" cried a voice; "you're talking against *my* wife!" and in a moment big John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his arms, and folded her to his heart, right before old maid and all!

"*Oh!*" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight, and setting her spectacles more firmly.

"And, now that you've learned all that you can," said John, turning round to her, still holding Betty, "why—you may *go!*"

The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind.

"Betty," said John, some half hour afterward, "what was the sigh for? I don't care *now*, but I did think, dear, and it cut me to the heart, how you might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten into your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't."

Betty smiled, and twisted away from his grasp. Running into the bedroom, she presently returned, still smiling, with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel.

This she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wonderingly.

"I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to let it out now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after to-morrow is your birthday!"

"So 'tis!" said John. "Gracious! has it come around so soon!"

"And you, dear boy," said Betty, shaking out before his eyes a pretty brown affair, all edged with silk of the bluest shade, that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing-gown—"*this* is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for oh! I didn't want you to know!"

John made the answer he thought best. When he spoke again, he said, perplexedly, while a small pucker of bewilderment settled between his eyes: "But I don't see, Betty, what this thing," laying one finger on the gown, "had to do with the sigh."

"That," said Betty, and then she broke into a merry laugh, that got so mixed up with the dimples, and the dancing brown eyes, that for a moment she couldn't finish. "Oh John, I was worrying so over those buttons; they weren't good enough, but they were the best I could do then. And I'd only bought 'em yesterday—two whole dozen. And when you put that ten-dollar bill in my hand, I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I *did* give one little bit of a sigh, for I was *so* provoked that I hadn't waited buying them till to-day."

John caught up the little woman, dressing-gown and all! I don't think they have ever quarreled again—at least I have never heard of it.

It must have been tremendously embarrassing to that nice young man in Bowling Green, Ky., who escorted the preacher's daughter to a meeting and arrived late, to hear the reverend gentleman read from the bible as the couple marched up the aisle, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil," which verse occurred in a New Testament miracle, of which the preacher was reading. The whole congregation snickered, and it would be hard to tell which felt the worse, the preacher, his daughter or her escort.

C. Hansen & A. Dijeau,

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

Beg leave to inform their friends and the public in general that they have opened their establishment at

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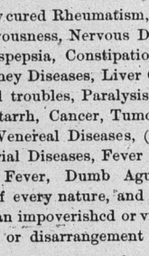

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